

New-York Daily Tribune

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1865.

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To Correspondents.

No notice can be taken of communications unless they are accompanied by the name and address of the writer, and unless they are accompanied by the name and address of the writer, and unless they are accompanied by the name and address of the writer.

The Weekly Tribune.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE, ready this morning, contains full accounts of the ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN and of the ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF SECRETARY Seward. Also.

FEDERALISM.

INVESTIGATION OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.
PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S SPEECHES on the floor of the House of Representatives, and his conduct in the execution of his office, are the subjects of a full and complete investigation in the Weekly Tribune. Also.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Belgian at Portland, and of the French at this port, we have three days later from Europe.

The Portuguese Government has published an official account of the St. Helena affair. It is asserted that the commander of the United States might have avoided all difficulty by sending previous notice to the Governor of St. Helena.

The Federal Diet of Germany, on April 6, passed the important resolution to request Austria and Prussia to cede Heligoland to the Duke of Augustenburg. Austria declared her willingness to conform with this resolution, but Prussia declared herself unable to do so.

The Emperor Napoleon has decided that a marble bust of Cobden should be placed in the museum at Versailles. All the papers of Paris and several speakers in the Legislative Assembly paid a high tribute to Cobden.

The plague still continues at St. Petersburg. The total number of cases thus far is 10,000 and the deaths 2,000.

A motion in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, expressing regret that the Government had not absolutely refrained from taking part in the Mexican expedition, was lost by a vote of 35 to 37.

GENERAL NEWS.

Senator L. S. Foster, the new Vice-President, was born in Franklin, New London County, Conn., November 22, 1806, and is a direct descendant of Miles Standish. He has been a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, Speaker of the House, Mayor of the City of Norwich, and United States Senator to which position he was elected in 1853, and re-elected in 1860.

An official dispatch announces that the published programme of the route by which the President remains are to be sent to Springfield, has been changed so that the body will be sent at once to Illinois via Philadelphia and the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, thus avoiding New York altogether.

A letter has been published by the Philadelphia papers written by John Wilkes Booth in November, 1864, from which it appears that he then meditated the abduction of the President, and that he was also one of the party engaged in the capture and execution of Ossa Watson in Brown.

Yesterday was generally observed throughout the country. Services were held in the churches of the different denominations here, and elsewhere; all business suspended and the day given up to solemn and universal manifestations of respect for the memory of our lamented Chief.

Lieut. Cantrill, United States Army, of the Engineer Corps, was accidentally shot at Fort Richmond, Staten Island, on Tuesday afternoon. He expired shortly afterward.

The remains of the late Watts Sherman were yesterday conveyed to their last resting place in Green Wood Cemetery.

A portion of our report of the observance yesterday, in this city, and other interesting matter, will be found upon the sixth and seventh pages of this morning's paper.

As this is the day of Fasting and Prayer appointed by the Governor of the State, business in this city will be generally suspended. The Banks and Custom-House will be closed, and no mails will leave the Post-Office after 10 o'clock a.m. Our usual evening editions, therefore, will be omitted, though we shall, as usual, issue an extra should any news of importance be received.

A correspondent suggests that a Coroner's Inquest must be held on the body of our late President, and a verdict rendered, otherwise his assassin cannot be legally convicted of his murder. We know not how this may be, but presume the legal authorities at Washington have taken care that no requisite formality has been omitted. And we note with satisfaction that persons arrested on suspicion that they were concerned in the late tragedy are shielded from mob violence and placed where they can be reached by the arm of Justice alone.

An official notice was received yesterday afternoon from the Secretary of War, announcing that the route to Illinois of the funeral cortege of President Lincoln had been changed, so that it would pass through Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and thence westward, instead of coming around by this city, Albany and Buffalo. But this announcement has been withdrawn, and the original arrangement is to be adhered to. However much we may all desire to pay honor to that sacred dust, we cannot help thinking that the second arrangement was the wiser, and that it would have been more considerate to that fearfully stricken band of mourners to have permitted them to have gone by the shortest and quickest route with their precious dead to the haven of rest and quiet they so much need. They have, however, we presume, consented to put aside their own wishes in deference to those of the public at large.

THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC.

One of many letters of similar tenor recently received, says, in perfect simplicity, "I assure you that what you say in favor of Peace and of lenity to Rebels does not represent the sentiments of your subscribers in this quarter." We haven't the least doubt of it. Representing—this is reflecting, conforming to—the changing opinion of the hour, may not be difficult; but it surely cannot be achieved by those who do not try; and we never attempted the task, finding it unadapted to our mental habits and tastes. We might hoe cotton for a peck of corn and a couple of pounds of bacon per week, with a few of a horse's paws thrown in at intervals; we can certainly chop cord-wood or dig potatoes for a living, for we have tried; but to represent public opinion in the editorial columns of a newspaper is a task quite outside of our capacity. The physical possibility of doing it may or may not inhere in our faculties; the moral does not.

We are sometimes inspired with intense disgust for a vocation whereof the popular estimate appears to be so sordid and low. We have quite often received epistles gravely informing us that what we think and say on a certain topic is unpopular, in the evident presumption that we only need to know this to make us wear ship at once, and come short round on the other tack. The notion that a writer should ever undertake to resist, correct and improve public sentiment seems as inconceivable to our mentors as that a man should practice law with a view to the promotion of justice rather than for the sake of the money he might earn by it.

If the public is to be made any better, it must have instructors who do not "represent" its average views, but are wiser, better, profounder, than they are. A journalist who uniformly "represents" the popular opinion may make his newspaper profitable to its publishers; but what can he possibly have done for his readers? As a vehicle of news, his sheet may be valuable; but his editorials, considered as lamps along the public highway and guides to correct thinking, can be of no use whatever.

The idea which seems to lie at the bottom of the degrading conception of our calling which we find prevalent seems to be not far from this: An editor is an intellectual gladiator, whom we hire or pay to find or invent reasons for the course which we have predetermined to take. He is like the lawyer who, being paid his fee, does his best for his client, whether that client's case be good or bad. He cannot always win; but he must ascertain what his clients want and "represent" it as well as he can.

Now we know and could name journals that always mean to "go with the tide," and generally succeed in this: we presume that they have no more influence on public opinion than the weathercock has on the direction or force of the wind. They may be consulted as evidence of what is popular, and may, in that view, have a certain value, but in no other are they worth a straw.

Sometimes, we are addressed by a person who says, "I have taken your paper fifteen or twenty years, and have never disagreed with it till now." We are very sorry to hear it; for, in the course of so many years, we must have been many times wrong, and you ought to have detected some of those errors. The end and aim of this journal are, not to make its readers think in all cases as we do, but to teach them to think for themselves. We state our own opinions freely and frankly; we ask for them a fair consideration and a candid judgment; but we never dreamed that every one would make them his own. In fact, if we supposed every one united in the belief of a certain proposition, we should waste no words in its defense. It is precisely because we presume an opinion not generally entertained that we show cause for cherishing it.

On a single point, we insist on being better understood. Several have written us, protesting against "sentimentality," "tenderness to criminals," &c. They entirely mistake our position. It is in the interest not of the criminal but of the yet undeveloped that we resist penal inflictions that tend to barbarize the community. It is in the interest of Human Liberty that we resist all that tends to invest the defeated champions of Slavery with the honors of martyrdom. We cannot well agree with those who hold that a great criminal escapes punishment unless the law takes his life or inflicts on him some kind of physical torture: for our respective stand-points are not within hail of each other; but we can possibly make students of history and of human nature comprehend that no party triumphant in a great civil war ever yet suffered from treating its vanquished opponents with too much lenity. The danger is all the other way; for there will always be a hundred voices crying "Smite!" for every one which pleads "Spare!" In fact, they who would silence the one only evince an uneasy consciousness that their side of the question can not abide discussion. Better let all be fairly heard, and believe that they who "bear the sword" in such a crisis are most unlikely, even if unprompted to rigor, to "bear it in vain."

GRANT'S VICTORY.

A Washington correspondent recently telegraphed us that the number of men actually surrendered by Lee to Gen. Grant did not exceed seven or eight thousand, and drew thence the inference that the victory was glorious only as a "moral" triumph—whatever that may be. Were the estimate of numbers correct, the inference would not, and still less would the inference be pardonable which some journals have built upon it. But there is abundant evidence as to the strength of Lee's army, and the following statement is perhaps as exact as any. A correspondent of yesterday's Times says: "I had an estimate made by one of Gen. Hill's (Longstreet's) staff, and, as it is no doubt a very fair one, I append it."

Ewell's corps.....	7,000
Longstreet's command.....	6,000
Hill's corps.....	12,000
Anderson's corps.....	9,000
Gordon's corps.....	7,000
Artillery.....	5,500
Cavalry (two divisions).....	5,000
Locals (Castle Lee's command).....	4,000
Total.....	56,000

In addition to these can be added:

Transients and train men.....	3,000
Detained men.....	3,000
Other non-combatants.....	5,000

This makes the total strength of Lee's army

67,000 men, inside the defenses of Petersburg and Richmond. Official statements of his losses during the eleven days campaign which preceded his surrender are lacking, but if we put them at the large figure of 40,000, there will remain 27,000 surrendered by Lee as prisoners of war. And if we stop there, it is an extraordinary feat of generalship to compel the surrender in such circumstances—the actual bodily surrender of an army so large as that.

But this is by no means a complete exhibit of the facts. It is not the number which Lee surrendered at last, but the number which he had at the beginning of the campaign that is the measure of his antagonist's superior genius. If Lee lost 40,000 men in eleven days by death, wounds, and capture, how is the glory of his conqueror diminished by that fact? In what particular was it a less feat of arms to put 40,000 men *hors du combat* in eleven days than to have spared a portion of them for the final capitulation? Obviously, Lee's losses all through the campaign are to be counted as the successive trophies of the victor, and it might even be said that the fewer troops Lee had to surrender on the 9th of April so much the greater was the triumph of Grant.

The number of the Union army has also been overestimated in the same way and to the same end of reducing the credit which a grateful nation gives to its first general. Grant's forces, it is said, were 125,000 men. Reckoning every man under his immediate command, garrisons, sick, &c., included, that number might be reached, but it conveys no true idea of his actual available force that shared the fighting of this campaign. The correspondent above quoted puts that force at 75,000, with which estimate our own information and opinion pretty nearly coincide. In the final struggle, therefore, the numbers stood 75,000 to 67,000; for all Lee's force must be reckoned, since in the defense of Petersburg and Richmond first, and then still more on the retreat, every man the Rebel leader had, was and must have been utilized.

With a numerical superiority of about 12,000 men Gen. Grant forced his enemy out of the strongest defenses on the continent, cut off his retreat, destroyed more than half his army, and compelled him to surrender the rest. And he did that in eleven days!

Three captains created the art of war as it exists to-day in Europe—Marlborough, Frederick and Napoleon. Grant's last campaign entitles him to rank with either of the two former, and in several important elements of military greatness places him on a level even with the great French captain. We trust we have heard the last of efforts to belittle his fame and his services.

SOUTHWARD HO!

A few people have not forgotten a once famous volume of the most obvious and impertinent comparisons, compiled and published a few years ago, under the most exciting of difficulties, by one Hinton Rowan Helper of North Carolina. Viewed in the light of this Spring's occurrences, it seems to have been suggested in the spirit of prophecy. How indignantly were the ideas of an irrepressible conflict and of an impending crisis of the South spurned at that time! Yet the crisis impended none the less, and came, and was chiefly passed. Comparisons which were odious then can offend nobody now. The secrets which Helper so impudently tattled of have been thrown open since to public gaze by the keepers of the prison themselves. In tearing down the barriers erected for their own protection, in order that they might spread Slavery and let it pass out, the rebellious leaders forgot that Freedom stood waiting to rush in. They invited and defied the irrepressible conflict whose existence they scouted; and the question which two generations have battled over has now been forever settled in four years.

The topographical structure of the Continent clearly shows that it must be inhabited by one nation, inasmuch as all the natural boundaries, the rivers and mountain chains, tend from North to South, and no artificial line can ever destroy them. But the unity of political existence which these natural and ineffaceable boundaries declare a necessity had been unknown until the war came. The Ohio was a veritable barrier, and North and South were more truly foreign nations than Turkey and Russia, for they were not only not the same, but not homogeneous; not only separate, but diametrically opposed in system and interest. Along the line of the Ohio River, as along an insuperable and impenetrable wall, the stream of emigration which rose in Great Britain and Continental Europe rolled to the West. But this was not because westward is any more the natural movement of emigration than southward; but because one path was open, the other closed. Emigration seeks to exchange the hard for the easy, the stubborn for the generous soil. It crossed the mountains and the Mississippi because Slavery guarded the way southward with a flaming sword; now it will follow them.

We will not repeat the comparisons frequently made between several Free and several Slave States, but merely note at present the relative extent to which civilization—such civilization as it was—has penetrated the prominent States of the ex-Southern Confederacy. Even Virginia, the oldest of all, had in 1860 but eleven millions of acres of improved lands, against nineteen millions unimproved, giving only round numbers; North Carolina six millions against seventeen millions; Missouri six millions against thirteen millions; Arkansas one million against seven millions; and so on to Texas, which had two millions against twenty millions. Only Delaware and Maryland had improved half their land; but in the case of the Free States the comparison is simply the same difference turned the other way. Of course each man had the wilderness for his nearest neighbor. Missouri—a State larger than all New-England—had 17.54 inhabitants to the square mile, which was almost precisely the average through the South. Maryland, with one crowded city, reached the high figure of 73.43, this maximum lessening down through the list, until the inhabitants of Texas and Florida shouted to their neighbors,

every one of whom had more than one-third of a square mile of territory to stretch his lonely legs in. Yet in so sparsely settled a State as Vermont, solely agricultural, and lacking a single really large town, there were about 35 persons to the mile; and this crowding reached its climax in Massachusetts, where 157.83 persons had but a mile to themselves. Yet, little Massachusetts had one-twelfth more wealth than Virginia, and one-half more than Missouri; and in the aggregate of what are termed products of industry—a loose but expressive wording, by the way—exceeded by 60 per cent the product of all the Slave States combined; and her manufactures of boots and shoes exceeded in value the total product of flour and meal of the entire South.

But the Northern sword that have gone South during the war will very speedily return either as Northern plowshares. The West—that part which is now the West—is not the best portion of the Continent. The Territories now undeveloped have their mines to attract settlement, but they are not the richest lands after all. Slavery seized the best, and might have kept them had it been willing to cultivate as well as to gather. The war has left very little but the naked soil; but that is enough. Virginia has been literally enriched by slain. The rest of the South has been viewed, and the region traversed by Sherman, formerly all most as much *terra incognita* as that wherein the Nile rises, is marked for the harrow already. The Tennessee and Cumberland, the James, the Alabama, and the Missouri will become the magnificent water-ways Nature meant them to be. New-England will not hereafter be the exclusive workshop for the South, but her own streams will turn her own spindles for the partial supply of her wants. Baltimore will become a great entrepot, and Norfolk may find use for her magnificent harbor while Kentucky shares with Ohio the benefits of the river which separates them. Missouri is directly upon the natural highway of nations across the Continent, and cannot escape being banded to other States by the Pacific Railway if she would. Economically considered alone, the war has paid its cost; discounted in advance, by breaking down the artificial barrier erected by Slavery against the passage of emigration to ward its natural and inevitable level.

If any young man, therefore, within the reach of this article, is burning to come after his own fortune in New-York, we entreat him to keep away. This country is fast assimilating in its older portions to the condition of European countries, where it is continually becoming harder for a beginner to wrest success and fortune from his life. Classes and conditions are becoming settled, and barriers harder and harder to break are arising. If you contemplate coming to New-York or any other crowded city, don't come. Fortune is in broader fields. Like Freedom, "her broad van seeks unplanted lands."

Emigration is a natural law necessary for the perpetuation of human societies and political systems; obey it. The war has opened the door and has shown Northern enterprise a new Canaan. Southward Ho!

Several correspondents have sent us the following verses and asked us to print them, because they found them attributed to "Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, President of the United States." We willingly comply with their request, for the verses are good; but Mr. Lincoln had no part in their production, though he was fond of repeating them. We do not, this moment, recall the name of their author, but we had read them while Mr. Lincoln was a mail-splitter, before he began to study with a view to the legal profession. But it will harm no one to read them again; so here they are:

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL REPROBATION, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL REPROBATION, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL REPROBATION,

Like a swift-footed steed, the spirit of the living dead—
A fiend of the lightning—a break of the wave—
Life passeth from him to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
He scattered around, and together he laid:
As the young, and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved—
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The father, that mother and infant who loved—
Each, all are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And she who from the midst of the living crowd—
Is the memory of mortals who loved her and praised.

The head of the King, that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the Priest, that the altar hath worn;
The eye of the Sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The laborer, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That springs from the earth, and the dew on its head,
To the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the birds on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
That it speeds from us all like the birds on the wing;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They loved—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—but they died, we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim road.

Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the sun and the moon, and the stars and the stars,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the living to the dead, the light and the death;
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

We recalled to mind two days ago a paragraph which appeared some months since in *The Liberator* (Wisconsin) Democrat investigating the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. We have since received from a gentleman of this city the number of the paper containing it—that of August 29, 1864. It is the closing paragraph of a fierce political leader and is as follows:

"The man who votes for Lincoln now is a traitor. Lincoln is a traitor and murderer. He who pretending to war, was against the Constitution of our country is a traitor, and Lincoln is one of those men. He who calls and allures men to certain death, is a murderer, and Lincoln has done all this. Had any former Democratic President carried upon the Constitution, or trifled with the destiny of the Nation as Lincoln has, he would have been hurled to perdition long since. And if he is

dead to misfortune for another four years, he will have his hand pierced with dagger point for the public good."

The heat and passion of a political campaign can neither excuse nor palliate the utterance of so atrocious a wish as this, though doubtless that will be the apology which the editor of *The Liberator* will offer. The universal reprobation and loathing of all good men will be the only punishment that an indignant people should offer him. Should he retire forever from a profession to which he is a disgrace he will show that he has still some sense left of what is due to an outraged and insulted country.

A Fair for the benefit of the Orphans of Freedmen is to open in New-Orleans on the first Monday in May, and be continued through the week. The Hon. Pierre Soulé, now abroad, will doubtless hear with pleasure that his fine mansion on Esplanade-st. has been honored by Maj. Gen. Hurlbut's selection of it as the place for this Fair. Mrs. Louise de Mortier, President of the Orphan's Home, will gladly receive contributions from Northern friends.

A Monument to President Lincoln.

To the Editor of *The N. Y. Tribune*.

SIR: Permit me through the medium of your journal to bring to the minds of the people of New-York the fact that immediate steps should be taken to the erection of a Monument to the memory of the great and good man who has passed from our midst. During the terrible excitement and grief of the last few days, it is hardly to be supposed that this could have been the subject of any very serious thought, and my only object in thus bringing it before the public at this time is that the metropolis of the nation may be the first to move in the matter and erect a monument, which should be as imposing and magnificent as genius, art and wealth can make it—a fitting tribute to our Martyr President, for, however grand it may be, it can never convey an adequate idea of the virtue, greatness and generosity of that true type of American macho—Abraham Lincoln. Neither State nor capitalist should neglect the honor of erecting such a monument, but the people, the humblest mechanic to the lordly merchant millionaire, should alike share the honor. And now, that our hearts are stirred with sorrow, and the public pulse, with regard to erecting a monument, is so much excited, a meeting should be called and several of our most respected and responsible citizens should be appointed to receive and open subscription books at once, and the great undertaking hurried forward to completion.

JAS. F. L. GIBSON,
No. 40 Broadway.

[We trust that this matter will be left to the Illinois friends of our late President. We shall be happy to cooperate with them; but it seems fit to leave to them the initiative. Perhaps a modest statue, but of other mementos of our own, to be placed in Madison-square or the Central Park, may be deemed becoming, but, as to the monument to be erected over his remains, we feel that it would not be right for New-York to take the lead of Illinois.]

One of these days, the Freedmen of this country will probably erect by their own grateful offerings a monument to their emancipator on the site of one of the principal slave-pens of Richmond, Charleston, or New-Orleans. But there is no hurry.

Death of John Cassell.

Mr. John Cassell, the well-known London publisher, died on Sunday, April 17, having attained the age of 44 years. His health for some time had not been satisfactory, and although there were appearances of improvement, he grew rapidly worse, and died as above stated. Descended from comparatively humble parentage, his early education was very imperfect, and he was eminently a self-made man. The great object and aim of his life was to supply the working classes with a sound and healthy literature. In the accomplishment of this object, he showed marvellously inventive genius. He built up large businesses in London, and had no part in their production, though he was fond of repeating them. We do not, this moment, recall the name of their author, but we had read them while Mr. Lincoln was a mail-splitter, before he began to study with a view to the legal profession. But it will harm no one to read them again; so here they are:

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A Monument to President Lincoln.

To the Editor of *The N. Y. Tribune*.

SIR: Permit me through the medium of your journal to bring to the minds of the people of New-York the fact that immediate steps should be taken to the erection of a Monument to the memory of the great and good man who has passed from our midst. During the terrible excitement and grief of the last few days, it is hardly to be supposed that this could have been the subject of any very serious thought, and my only object in thus bringing it before the public at this time is that the metropolis of the nation may be the first to move in the matter and erect a monument, which should be as imposing and magnificent as genius, art and wealth can make it—a fitting tribute to our Martyr President, for, however grand it may be, it can never convey an adequate idea of the virtue, greatness and generosity of that true type of American macho—Abraham Lincoln. Neither State nor capitalist should neglect the honor of erecting such a monument, but the people, the humblest mechanic to the lordly merchant millionaire, should alike share the honor. And now, that our hearts are stirred with sorrow, and the public pulse, with regard to erecting a monument, is so much excited, a meeting should be called and several of our most respected and responsible citizens should be appointed to receive and open subscription books at once, and the great undertaking hurried forward to completion.

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No. 40 Broadway.

[We trust that this matter will be left to the Illinois friends of our late President. We shall be happy to cooperate with them; but it seems fit to leave to them the initiative. Perhaps a modest statue, but of other mementos of our own, to be placed in Madison-square or the Central Park, may be deemed becoming, but, as to the monument to be erected over his remains, we feel that it would not be right for New-York to take the lead of Illinois.]

One of these days, the Freedmen of this country will probably erect by their own grateful offerings a monument to their emancipator on the site of one of the principal slave-pens of Richmond, Charleston, or New-Orleans. But there is no hurry.

THE DAY THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Tuesday, April 12, 1865.

A very large meeting was held at the Court-House this morning to express the public sentiment in regard to the late President Lincoln. The meeting was called by the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, and was